

who saw it with Macartney, went into some amusing calculations as to the quantity of the materials it contains. According to his account, all the materials of all the dwelling houses of England and Scotland, supposing them at that period (at the end of the last century) to amount to 1,800,000, and to average 2,000 cubic feet of brick-work or masonry, would be barely equivalent to the bulk of the wall, without taking in its fortresses and towers, which he calculated contained as much masonry and brick-work as London did at that time. Stupendous as was the work, it failed in its object.

THE SEA.

Welcome! welcome! ye mountains blue,

That rise above the main!

My stormy spirit leaps to view

Your cloud-capped waves again.

Welcome! welcome! thou thunder-cloud,

Careering in thy pride!

My spirit quits its clay-built shroud,

And flashes by thy side.

But welcome most thou foaming sea!

With spirit wild as mine;

My soul, if drooping, melts in thee,

Or, soaring, melts in thine.

Thou hast a charm when sunset glowing

Has tinged thy breast with red—

And lingering Evening stays, bestowing

A smile upon thy bed.

Thou hast a charm when Darkness flings,

Her shadow o'er thy night;

And each glad wave, low murmuring, sings

In welcome hymn to-night;—

When Earth lies hushed within her shroud,

And thou, with ceaseless moan,

Hold'st converse with the night-wind loud,

Or keep'st thy watch alone,

Thou hast a charm when tempests roar,

And thunders rock the deep—

When mountain billows whelm the shore,

And whirlwinds o'er thee sweep—

When heaven is black, and hoarse blasts rattle,

And lightnings mock thy gloom,

And white waves, leaping, crash in battle.

And reel into their tomb—

Then laughs the soul to twine with thee,

And revels in thy form;

For oh! thou art, majestic sea!

Magnificent in storm.

NIAGARA AND SO ON.

It was in my senior vacation, and I was bound to Niagara for the first time. My companion was a specimen of the human race, found rarely in Vermont, and never elsewhere. He was nearly seven feet high, walked as if every joint in his body was in a hopeless state of dislocation, and was hideously, ludicrously, and painfully ugly.—This whimsical exterior contained the conscious spirit of an Apollo, and the poetical susceptibility of Keats. He had left his plough in the Green Mountains at the age of twenty-five, and entered as a poor student at the university, where, with the usual policy of the college government, he was allotted to me as a compulsory chum, on the principle of breaking-in a colt with a cart-horse. I began with laughing at him, and ended with loving him. His name was Job Strong.

Getting Job away with infinite difficulty from a young Indian girl, who was selling mocassins in the streets of Buffalo, (a straight slender creature of

eighteen, stepping about like a young leopard, cold, stern and beautiful,) we crossed the outlet of Lake Erie at the ferry, and took horses on the Northern bank of Niagara river to ride to the Falls. It was a noble stream, broad as the Hellespont, and I could not look at it, hurrying on to its fearful leap, without a feeling almost of dread.

There was only one thing to which Job was more susceptible than to the beauties of nature, and that was the beauty of woman. His romance had been stirred by the lynxeyed Sioux, who took fret money for the mocassins with such a haughty and thankless *superbia*; and full five miles of the river, with all the gorgeous flowers and rich shrubs up its rim, might as well have been Lethe for his admiration. He rode along like the man of rage you see paraded on an ass in the carnival—his legs and arms dangling about in ludicrous obedience to the sidelong hitch of his pacer.

The roar of the Falls was soon audible, and Job's enthusiasm and my own, if the increased pace of our Narraganset ponies meant any thing, were fully aroused. The river broke into rapids, foaming furiously on its course, and the subterranean thunder increased like a succession of appalling earthquakes, each louder than the last.—A tall, misty cloud, changing its shape continually, as it felt the shocks of the air, rose up before us; and with our eyes fixed upon it, and our horses at a hard gallop, we found ourselves unexpectedly in front of the vast white — hotel! which suddenly interposed between the cloud and our vision. Job slapped his legs against the sides of his panting beast, and urged him on, but a long fence on either side the immense building cut him off from all approach, and having assured ourselves that there was no access to Niagara except through the back-door of the gentleman's house, who stood with his hat off to receive us, we wished no good to his Majesty's province of Upper Canada, and dismounted.

'Will you visit the Falls before dinner, gentlemen?' asked mine host.

'No, sir!' thundered Job in a voice that for a moment stopped the roar of the cataract.

He was like an improvisator who had been checked by some rude *birbone* in the very crisis of his eloquence. He would not have gone to the Falls that night to have saved the world. We dined.

As it was the first meal we had ever eaten under a monarchy, I proposed the health of the King—Job refused it. There was an impertinent profanity, he said, in fencing up the entrance to Niagara; that was a greater encroachment on natural liberty than the stamp act. He would drink no king or parliament under which such a thing could be conceived possible. I left the table and walked to the window.

'Job! come here! Miss ——— by all that's lovely.'

He flounced up like a snake touched with a torpedo, and sprang to the window. Job had never seen the lady whose name produced such a sensation, but he had heard more of her than of Niagara. So had every soul of the fifteen millions of inhabitants between us and the Gulf of Mexico.—She was one of those miracles of nature that occur, perhaps, once in the rise and fall of an empire—a woman of the perfect beauty of an angel, with the most winning human sweetness of character and manner.

She had been to the Falls, and was returning with her mother and a troop of lovers, who, I will

venture to say, brought away a very imperfect impression of the scene.

I introduced Job, and we passed the evening in Miss ——'s dangerous company. We made an engagement to accompany her behind the sheet of the Fall in the morning, and covering my awkward friend's retreat as well as possible, we said good night at twelve—one of us, at least, as many 'fathoms deep in love,' as a thousand Rosalinds.—My poor chum! The roar of the cataract that shook the very roof over thy head, was less loud to thee that night than the beating of thine own heart, I warrant me!

I rose at sun-rise to go alone to the Fall, but Job was before me; and the angular outline of his gaunt figure stretching up from Table Rock in strong relief against the white body of the spray, was the first object that caught my eye as I descended.

'A nice fall, as an Englishman would say, my dear Job!'

'Awful!'

Halleck, the American poet, (a better one never 'strung pearls,') has written some admirable verses on Niagara, describing its effect on the different individuals of a mixed party, among whom was a tailor. The sea of incidents that has broken over me in years of travel, has washed out of my memory all but the two lines, descriptive of Snip's impressions:

'The tailor made a single note—
Gods! what a place to sponge a coat.'

'Shall we go to breakfast, Job?'

'How slowly and solemnly they drop into the abyss!'

It was not an original remark of Mr. Strong's. Nothing is so surprising to the observer as the extraordinary deliberateness with which the waters of Niagara take the tremendous plunge. All hurry and foam and fret, till they reach the smooth limit of the curve, and the laws of gravitation seem suspended, and like Caesar, they pause and determine, since it is inevitable, to take the death-leap with a becoming dignity.

'Shall we go to breakfast, Job?' I was obliged to raise my voice to be heard, to a pitch rather exhausting to an empty stomach. His eyes remained fixed upon the shifting rainbows bending and vanishing in the spray. There was no moving him, and I gave in for another five minutes.

'Do you think it probable, Job, that the water of Niagara strikes on the axis of the world?' No answer. 'Job!'

'What?'

'Do you think his Majesty's half of the cataract is finer than ours?'

'Much.'

'For water, merely, perhaps. But look at the delicious verdure on the American shore—the glorious trees—the massed foliage—the luxuriant growth even to the very rim of the ravine! By Jove! it seems to me things grow better in a republic. Did you ever see a more barren and craggy shore than the one you stand upon?'

'How exquisitely,' said Job, soliloquizing, 'that small green island divides the Fall! What a rock it must be founded on, not to have been washed away in the ages that these waters have split against it!'

'I'll lay you a bet it is washed away before the year two thousand—payable in any currency with which we may then be conversant.'

'Don't trifle.'

'With time or geology do you mean? Isn't it

perfectly clear, from the looks of that ravine, that Niagara has backed up all the way from Lake Ontario. These rocks are not adamant, and the very precipice* you stand on has cracked, and looks ready for the plunge. It must gradually wear back to Lake Erie, and then there will be a sweep, I should like to live long enough to see. The instantaneous junction of two seas, with a difference of two hundred feet in the level, will be a spectacle, eh, Job?'

'Tremendous!'

'Do you intend to wait and see it, or will you come to breakfast?'

He was immovable. I left him on the rock, went up to the hotel, and ordered mutton chops and coffee; and when they were on the table, gave two of the waiters a dollar each to bring him up *nolens volens*. He arrived in a great rage, but with a good appetite, and we finished our breakfast just in time to meet Miss ——, as she stepped, like Aurora, from her chamber.

It is necessary to a reputation for prowess in the United States to have been behind the sheet of the Fall, (supposing you have been to Niagara.) It is equivalent to a hundred shower baths, one severe cold, and being drowned twice—but most people do it.

We descended to the bottom of the precipice at the side of the Fall, where we found a small house furnished with coarse linen dresses for the purpose; and having arrayed ourselves in habiliments not particularly improving to our natural beauty, we re-appeared—only three out of a party of ten having had the courage to trust their attraction to such a trial. Miss —— looked like a fairy in disguise, and Job like the most ghostly and diabolical monster that ever stalked unseparated abroad. He would frighten a child in his best black suit—but with a pair of wet linen trousers, scarce reaching his knees, a jacket, with sleeves to the elbows and a white cap, he was something supernaturally awful. The guide hesitated about going under the Fall with him.

It looked rather appalling. Our way lay thro' a dense sheet of water, along a slender pathway of rocks, broken into small fragments, with an overhanging wall on one side, and the boiling cauldron of the cataract on the other. A false step, and you were a subject for the "skocking accident maker."

The guide went first, taking Miss ——'s right hand. She gave me her left, and Job brought up the rear, as they say in America, "on his own hook." We picked our way boldly up to the water. The wall leaned over so much, and the fragmented declivity was so narrow and steep, that, if it had not been done before, I should have turned back at once. Two steps more, and the small hand in mine began to struggle violently, and in the same instant, the torrent beat into my mouth, eyes, and nostrils, and I felt as if I were drowning. I staggered a blind step onward, but still the water poured into my nostrils, and the conviction flashed on my mind that we were lost. I struggled for breath, stumbled forward, and, with a gasp that I thought was my last, sunk upon the rocks beyond the descending waters. Job tumbled over me the next moment, and, as soon as I could clear my eyes sufficiently to look about me, I saw the guide sustaining Miss ——, who had

*It has since fallen into the abyss—fortunately in the night, as visitors were always on it during the day. The noise was heard at an incredible distance.

been as nearly drowned as any of the subjects of the Humane Society, but was apparently in a state of resuscitation. None but the half-drowned know the pleasure of breathing.

Here we were, however, within a chamber that Undine might have coveted; with a wall of rock at our back, and a transparent curtain of shifting water between us and the world, having entitled ourselves *a peu press* to the same reputation with Hylas and Leander for ravishment by the Naiads of the stream.

Whatever sister of Arethusa inhabits there, we could but congratulate her on the beauty of her chamber. A lofty hall, shaped like a long tent, extended as far as we could see through the spray, and, with the two objections, that you could not have heard a pistol at your ear for the noise, and that the floor was somewhat precipitous, one could scarce imagine a more agreeable retreat for a gentleman who was disgusted with the world, and subject to dryness of the skin. In one respect it resembled the enchanted abode of the witch of Atlas, where, Shelley tells us,

"The invisible reign did ever sing
A silver music on the snowy lawn."

It is lucky for witches and Naiads that they are not subject to rheumatism.

The air was scarcely breathable, (if *air* it may be called, which streams down the face with the density of a shower from a watering pot,) and our footing upon the slippery rocks was so insecure, that the exertion of continually wiping our eyes was attended with imminent danger. Our sight was valuable, for surely never was such a brilliant curtain hung up to the sight of mortals, as spread apparently from the zenith to our feet, changing in thickness and lustre, but with a constant and resplendent curve. It was what a child might imagine the arch of the sky to be when it bends over the edge of the horizon.

The sublime is certainly shorn somewhat of its beams, when one contemplates it with his back to a dripping and slimy rock, and his person saturated with a continual supply of water. From a dry window, I think, the infernal writhe and agony of the abyss, into which we were continually liable to slip, would have been as fine a thing as I have seen in my travels; but I am free to admit that, at the moment, I would have exchanged my experience and all the honor attached to it for a dry escape. The idea of *drowning back* through that thick column of water was, to me at least, a *dampener* to enthusiasm. We seemed cut off from the living. There was a death between us and the vital air and sunshine.

I was screwing up my courage for the return, when the guide seized me by the shoulder. I looked around, and what was my horror to see Miss ——— standing far in behind the sheet upon the last visible point of rock, with the water pouring over her in torrents, and a gulph of foam between us which I could in no way understand how she had passed over. She seemed frightened and pale, and the guide explained to me by signs, for I could not distinguish a syllable through the roar of the cataract, that she had walked over a narrow ledge, which had broken with her weight. A long fresh mark upon the rock, at the foot of the wall, made it sufficiently evident. Her position was most alarming.

I made a sign to her to look well to her feet, for the little island on which she stood was green with slime, and scarce larger than a hat, and an abyss of scarce six feet of foaming and unfathomable wa-

ter raged between it and the nearest foothold.—What was to be done? Had we a plank, even, there was no possible hold for the further extremity, and the shape of the rock was so conical, that its slippery surface evidently would not hold a rope for a moment. To jump to her, even if it were possible, would endanger her life, and while I was smiling and encouraging the beautiful creature as she stood, trembling and pale, on her dangerous foothold, I felt my heart sink within me!

The despairing guide said something which I could not hear, and disappeared through the watery wall, and I fixed my eyes upon the lovely form, standing like a spirit, in the misty shroud of the spray, as if the intensity of my gaze could sustain her upon her dangerous foothold. I would have given ten years of my life at that moment to have clasped her hand in mine.

I had scarce thought of Job until I felt him trying to pass behind me. His hand was trembling, and he laid it on my shoulder to steady his steps, but there was something in his ill-hewn features that shot an undefinable ray of hope through my mind. His sandy hair was plastered over his forehead, and his scant dress clung to him like a skin: but though I recall his image now with a smile, I looked upon him with a feeling far enough from amusement.

He crept down carefully to the edge of the foaming abyss, till he stood with the breaking bubbles at his knees. I was at a loss to know what he intended. She surely would not dare to jump to his arms from that slippery rock, and to reach her in any way seemed impossible. The next instant he threw himself forward, and while I covered my eyes with horror, in the flashing conviction that he had gone mad, and flung himself into the hopeless whirlpool to reach her, she had crossed the awful gulph upon his back, and lay trembling and exhausted at my feet. He had thrown himself over the chasm, caught the rock barely with the extremities of his fingers, and, with certain death if he missed his hold or slipped from his uncertain tenure, had sustained her with supernatural strength as she passed over his body! The guide providentially returned with a rope in the same instant, and fastening it round one of his feet, we dragged him back through the whirlpool.

SACRED MUSIC.—The London correspondent of the New-York Observer, after giving an account of the Royal Musical Festival at Westminster Abbey, in July last, makes the following remarks:—

My habits of thinking have led me to the conviction, that Sacred Music is an art obligatory on Christians and the Christian Church to cultivate. To be excellent for the purposes of edification, as used in public, I suppose it will not be pretended, that it is not an *art*, or at least, an acquisition to be acquired by pains. None are inspired to sing.—The music must be written—or reduced to some form that is tantamount. It must be written according to the rules of the science; for it is a science too; and the use and application of it, however imperfect or rude the manner thereof, is still an art. Though it be acquired by the ear, it is no less an art. The worst singing, if it be music in common use, or any other mode of performing it, as with instruments, is, notwithstanding, a *performance*. Whether church and chapel music and Christian psalmody be executed in public worship by a select and trained choir, or by the whole congregation, led by one not very skillful—by a

very bungler, and those who join him being no better than he—it is still a *performance*—a performance attempted to be executed according to the rules of the science. It is an art, however badly done.

I was born and bred in New-England, where sacred music is probably more generally cultivated than in any other part of the world. And church music there, is almost universally performed by select and trained choirs. As the people have always been used to it, it has never come into their heads that it is improper, and probably never will. Those who have been accustomed to New-England singing, know very well that it is excellent. I have not found it so generally good in any other part of the christian world. The same modes and the same music have been transplanted over the Western regions of America, wherever New-England people have gone.

Take for example the music heard in the churches of Boston, of most of the large towns of the New-England States, and of a vast number of the country towns—and it is not excelled in the world, whether we speak of taste in selection, or skill of performance. Take the literary institutions, such for example, as Yale College and Andover Theological Seminary, with which I happen to be acquainted, and I have never heard, even in Europe, church music so well selected and executed on ordinary occasions. It is because New-England people have made high attainments in the science and in the art. It has never been a question with them, whether the study of this science and accomplishments in the art are proper for public use in the churches. On the contrary, it is deemed an incumbent duty, as much so, I believe, as for the preacher to fit himself for his professional duties in the pulpit. Stringed and wind instruments, to a greater or less extent, have always been in use; and the organ is becoming more and more common, where congregations feel able to support it.

Comparative state of Church Music in England and America.—In the church of England music is generally tolerable, because they have an organ to lead and support it. In a few instances in London it is very good; rarely very excellent. The custom, almost universally prevalent, of setting charity or Sunday school boys and girls to do the singing, or to take the lead in it, always keeps it in a low state. The fashion seems to be a slight modification of boy-singing in the church of Rome. The congregation to some extent unite, but the children are prominent. In dissenting congregations, and for the most part in the Kirk of Scotland, the singing is bad. I have never been in a dissenting chapel in or about London, where the singing was good; and it is often intolerable, if there were any way of avoiding it. Some country chapels have choirs, and do very well. Dissenters in London, and generally over the country, I believe, never cultivate sacred music.—There is a certain round of tunes, which every one catches as he can by hearing them in public; and one in ten of them who try—and each one feels himself conscientiously bound to take a part—is perhaps *half* able to sing them by following some neighbor or the clerk, half a note behind.—The leader, or clerk, nine times in ten, never ought to be heard in public as a singer; much less to read the psalm, and then to dole it out by the couplet to the congregation, as if improvement in all other forms of society would tolerate the stubborn maintenance of the modes of singing in public worship, which were doubtless adopted in ac-

commodation to the necessities of a time, when the common people could neither read nor write, or get through with "God save the King." I sympathise with Dissent in England generally, as perhaps I have given sufficient proof; but in this particular I have no sympathy with it.

ANECDOTE OF AN AMERICAN ARTIST.—Mr. Dunlap in his new work on Arts and Artists, relates the following stage coach adventure of the late distinguished painter, Gilbert Stuart, soon after his arrival in England. Some of his fellow travellers in the coach, interested in his appearance, resolved to 'epier him out,' and to that end plumply asked him the nature of his calling and profession:

To this round about question Mr. Stuart answered with a grave face, and serious tone, that he sometimes dressed gentlemen's and ladies' hair, (at that time the high craped pomatumed hair, was all the fashion.) 'You are a hair dresser, then!' 'What!' said he, 'do you take me for a barber?' 'I beg your pardon, sir, but I inferred it from what you said. If I mistook you, may I then take the liberty to ask what you are, then?' 'Why I sometimes brush a gentleman's coat or hat, and sometimes adjust a cravat.' 'Oh, you are a valet then, to some nobleman!' 'A valet! Indeed sir, I am not. I am not a servant; to be sure I make coats and waistcoats for gentlemen.' 'Oh! you are a tailor!' 'Tailor! do I look like a tailor? I assure you I never handled a goose other than a roasted one.' By this time they were all in a roar. 'What the devil are you then?' said one. 'I'll tell you,' said Stuart; 'be assured all I have said is literally true. I dress hair, brush hats and coats, adjust a cravat, and make coats, waistcoats, and breeches, and likewise boots and shoes, at your service.' 'Oho! a boot and shoe-maker, after all!' 'Guess again, gentlemen, I never handled a boot or shoe, but for my own feet and legs; yet all I have told you is true.' 'We may as well give up guessing.' After checking his laughter and pumping up a fresh flow of spirits by a large pinch of snuff, he said to them very gravely, 'Now, gentlemen, I will not play the fool with you any longer, but will tell you upon my honor as a gentleman, my *bona fide* profession. I get my bread by making faces.' He then screwed his countenance, and twisted the lineaments of his visage in a manner such as Samuel Foote or Charles Matthews might have envied. When his companions, after loud peals of laughter, had composed themselves, each took credit to himself for having 'all the while suspected that the gentleman belonged to the theatre,' and they all knew that he must be a comedian by profession, when to their utter surprise, he assured them that he was never on the stage, and very rarely saw the inside of a play-house, or any similar place of amusement. They all now looked at each other in astonishment.

Before parting, Stuart said to his companions, 'Gentlemen, you will find that all I have said of my various employments, is comprised in these few words: I am a portrait painter. If you will call at John Palmer's, York buildings, London, I shall be ready and willing to brush you a coat or hat, dress your hair a la mode, supply you if you need, with a new wig of any fashion or dimensions, accommodate you with boots or shoes, give you ruffles or cravats, and make faces for you.'

While taking a glass at the inn, they begged

leave to inquire of their pleasant companion, in what part of England he was born; he then told them that he was not born in England, Wales, Ireland or Scotland. Here was another puzzle for John Bull. 'Where then?' 'I was born at Narraganset.' 'Where's that?' 'Six miles from Pattawoone, and ten miles from Poppasquash, and about four miles west of Connecticut, and and not far from the spot where the battle with the warlike Pequots was fought.' In what part of the East Indies is that, sir? 'East Indies, my dear sir! It is in the State of Rhode-Island, between Massachusetts and Connecticut river. This was all Greek to his companions, and he left them to study a new lesson of geography.

ANIMALS DESIGNED TO PREY UPON EACH OTHER.—As animals are ultimately dependent on the vegetable kingdom for the materials of their subsistence, and as the quantity of these materials is, in a state of nature, necessarily limited by the extent of surface over which vegetation is spread, a time must arrive when the number of animals thus continually increasing is exactly such as the amount of food produced by the earth will maintain. When this limit has been attained, no farther increase can take place in their number, except by resorting to the expedient which we find actually adopted, namely, that of employing the substance of one animal for the nourishment of others. Thus the identical combinations of elements, effected by the powers of vegetation, are transformed in succession from one living being into another, and become subservient to the maintenance of a great number of different animals before they finally, by the process of decomposition, revert to their original inorganic state.

"See dying vegetables life sustain,
See life dissolving vegetate again;
All forms that perish other forms supply,
By turns we catch the vital breath and die."—**Pope**

Hence has the ordinance been issued to a large portion of the animal world, that they are to maintain themselves by preying upon other animals, either consuming their substance when already dead, or depriving them of life in order to prolong their own. Such is the command given to the countless hosts of living beings which people the vast expanse of ocean; to the unnumbered tribes of insects which every spot of earth discloses to the greater number of the feathered race; and also to a more restricted order of terrestrial animals. To many has the commission been given to ravage and to slaughter by open violence; others are taught more insidious, though no less certain arts of destruction; and some appear to be created chiefly for the purpose of quickly clearing the earth of all decomposing animal or vegetable materials, which might otherwise have filled the air with noxious exhalations and contaminated the sources of vitality. This new law of animal existence must necessarily introduce conditions of organization and of functions. Structures adapted to rapid locomotion must be supplied for the pursuit of prey, and powerful weapons for attack and destruction. But nature has not left the weaker animals unprotected with the means of repulse, of defence, or of escape. For these purposes various expedients, either of force, of swiftness, or of stratagem, have been resorted to in different cases. That a large portion of evil is the direct consequence of this system of extensive warfare, it is

in vain to deny. But although our sensibility may revolt at the wide scene of carnage which is so generally presented to our view, our more sober judgement should place in the other scale the great preponderating amount of gratification which is also its result. We must take into account the vast accession that accrues to the mass of animal enjoyment from the exercise of those powers and faculties which are called forth by this state of activity; and when this consideration is combined, as it ought to be, with that of the immense multiplication of life which is admissible upon this system alone, we shall find ample reason for acknowledging the wisdom and the benevolent intentions of the Creator, who, for the sake of a vastly superior good, has permitted the existence of a minor evil.

THE MOTHER'S HOPE.

Is there, when the winds are singing
In the happy summer time—
When the raptur'd air is ringing
With Earth's music, heavenward springing,
Forest chirp, and village chime?
Is there, of the sounds that float
Minglingly, a single note
Half so sweet, and clear, and wild,
As the laughter of a child?

Listen! and be now delighted;
Morn hath touch'd her golden strings,
Earth and sky their vows have plighted,
Life and light are reunited,
Amid countless carollings;
Yet, delicious as they are,
There's a sound that's sweeter far—
One that makes the heart rejoice
More than all—the human voice.

Organ finer, deeper, clearer,
Though it be a stranger's tone;
Than the winds or waters dearer,
More enchanting to the hearer;
For it answereth his own.
But, of all its witching words,
Sweeter than the songs of birds,
Those are sweetest, bubbling wild
Through the laughter of a child.

Harmonies from time-touched bowers,
Haunted strains from rivulets,
Hunt of bees amongst the flowers,
Rustling leaves, and silver showers—
These, ere long, the ear forgets;
But in mine there is a sound
Ringing on the whole year round—
Heart-deep laughter that I heard
Ere my child could speak a word.

Ah! 'twas heard by ear far purer,
Fondlier form'd to catch the strain—
Ear of one whose love is surer—
Hers, the mother, the endurer
Of the deepest share of pain;
Hers the deepest bliss, to treasure
Memories of that cry of pleasure;
Hers to hoard, a lifetime after,
Echoes of that infant laughter.

Yes—a mother's large affection
Hears with a mysterious sense—
Breathings that evade detection,
Whisper faint, and fine inflexion,
Thrill in her with power intense.
Childhood's honied tones untaught
Hiveth she in living thought—
Tones that never thence depart,
For she listens—with her heart.